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Woman's Work for Woman.

Vol. XIII. AUGUST, 1883. No. 8.

South America.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORK IN BRAZIL.

"Write an article on Brazil," says *Woman's Work*. Easy to say, but hard to do. To "tell the whole truth," as urged in law courts, is impossible: first, because one doesn't know it; second, because not all truthful disclosures conduce to the "good of being." The more one reads articles about mission work with which one is familiar the more vivid becomes the fear of creating a false impression. Yet it is undoubtedly true that the Church's purse opens in proportion to her knowledge of mission-work needs and successes. The need of information creates the duty to give it. Then up, my soul, and gird to the practicable part of the exhortation, "Tell nothing but the truth." And if from simple true premises rash souls draw unwarranted conclusions, be theirs the responsibility!

Good news of progress comes from all along the line—from Para and Maranham, where Bibles are working amazingly without a preacher, to Rio Grande do Sul, the scene of Rev. Mr. Van Orden's labors. The great province of Minas, larger than France, is especially interesting, having only two young preachers for the vast field; but those two are indefatigable and enthusiastic in travelling to and fro, sowing the seed.

The province of Sao Paulo, my appointed home, seems to be the

most enterprising of the sisterhood, and has already seven towns with resident preachers, which means many preaching stations and frequent journeys through wide districts. Sao Paulo, its capital city, is picturesquely situated in the midst of hills, and is connected with its seaport Santes by an English switchback railway over the hills, running often perilously near their edges. Another railway to Rio de Janeiro saves seasick people the trouble of taking a steamer, and several to the interior carry importations and bring thence coffee. Here is one of the two law-schools of the empire, containing some fourteen hundred students, and there are several preparatory schools. Here, too, is a great Jesuit seminary, with beautiful gardens and accommodations for four hundred students. Hundreds of immigrants pour into the city—some to stay, others to "move on." Poor things! Sao Paulo is growing rapidly, and business is comparatively active. The poor we have always with us, and little children swarm, so that one's heart swells in seeing the waving harvest and so few laborers. On a hill, "beautiful for situation," overlooking this harvest field are the pleasant homes of Messrs. Chamberlain and Howell, whose households embrace Misses Thomas and Lobb, engaged in kindergarten work, several young men fitting for the theological course and my sister, who has come to spy out the land, and prefers being with little children to our larger ones. On the way to town you pass Rev. Mr. Morton's large preparatory school of young men, now under the care of a noble Pole, while the master is in the United States. A little off the route you find the family of Mr. Lenington, who, until the decision of Presbytery as to the scene of his future labors, is preaching to large audiences in the cities along the river Tarahyba. In the very centre of the town—"at the hub," so to speak—is the companion of my early mission work in Rio, Mrs. Magalhaens, *née* Greenman, whose family relations by no means smother her influence as a Christian worker. Entirely too far off to please the rest of us is the charming home of Rev. Mr. Brown, of the Bible Society, and still farther away lives Rev. Dr. Cross, of the English church, whose field is more discouraging than ours. On St. John Street, close to the street-car track and within a few minutes' walk of the hub, is the abode where Miss Kuhl and I have set up our Ebenezer—a large three-story brick building in the midst of yards and gardens; and at the left, oh joy! the lofty gable of our new church, which the builder hopes—alas for architects' as for shoemakers' hopes!—to finish in July.

Twice has the work seemed likely to pause, for the money gave out and the church abhors debt. Special prayer was offered. As the people were going out an envelope was found offering two thousand dollars; and long afterward it began to be whispered

about that the opportune help came from a noble-looking mother in Israel—a tenth given out of the capital to be devoted to her children's education, and with their cordial concurrence. Again, just last night, after a rousing sermon on tenths and delight in Christian giving, which it was trying to hear with empty pockets, prayer was offered that God would show us what to do, and immediately after the United States mail was delivered, containing only one letter, and that offering us two hundred and fifty dollars. An enthusiastic student at Princeton is trying to raise eight hundred dollars for seating our edifice, and some two thousand dollars will be needed before we can sing our final doxology. Who wants to buy shares in God's enterprise in Brazil? Meanwhile the efforts of God's poor here are not below the mark. Among the many who are denying themselves that God's house may be speedily finished is a day-laborer, whose tenth amounts to two dollars a week, pledged to continue for two years, thus making one of our largest subscriptions.

Those of you who have lived in a trunk for years and years can appreciate our jubilation in having a great house of our own, which, though built for a home for the young men, now serves admirably for us. Those of you who are lonely can imagine our sweet content and lively pleasure in our merry, docile, affectionate family of sixteen girls. But even this would fail to satisfy me were it not for the wide sphere open to us in the day-school of over one hundred boys and girls. I am an ardent champion of co-education. God has made no Chinese wall in families or nations to separate boys and girls or men and women. Even charming Wellesley could not shake my Oberlin-bred convictions. To me education is not a monastic cramming with book lore, but a training in the midst of the ordinary relations of life to fulfill well those relations. How, especially in this country, are boys and girls ever to know each other? Surely not by occasional visits in company clothes and under chaperonage, but in unconsciously noting character, energy, intelligence, as shown in every-day school work. So I consider this great stirring day-school, with its four gentleman and six lady teachers, an invaluable part of the education of our girls.

In this city of some thirty thousand inhabitants there is a Presbyterian church whose roll counts one hundred and fifty-seven members. On Sunday our largest school-room is crowded with attentive listeners, many of them true worshippers. On Wednesday nights we have service, and on Fridays the young men, two and two, hold meetings in five different quarters of the city, thus reaching new hearers, while on Saturday some one rides six miles to the Penha, to a most interesting congregation. Our Sabbath-

school counts about one hundred and fifty, and is quite wide awake; and though many of our day pupils do not come to us on Sunday, our Scriptures, hymns and prayers through them enter many an unwilling family.

One of the most interesting institutions of this station is Miss Kuhl's Juvenile Missionary Society, where eight or ten boys and girls, from studying papers we have carefully prepared, stir up the souls of their hearers to sympathy with other parts of Christ's kingdom.

Another specialty is the Ladies' Auxiliary Society which meets every fortnight, and by sewing, contributions and boxes from home has given fifteen hundred dollars in about three years. With some fifty members, many of them young girls, it now averages fifty dollars a month.

In April there was great rejoicing in the Sao Paulo Girls' School over a box from dear friends in Plainfield, N. J. How we wanted a telephone account of the giver of each beautiful gift! And the books—what words can express our gratitude for them? That incomparable Life of Mrs. Prentiss ought to accompany that of Bishop Patterson to every foreign station; it will cheer and bless every family at ours. In our pleasant sessions after the evening study hour, when the girls take their fancy work (most of it sold for the benefit of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society), I sit at the head of the long table and read to them from some instructive story book. We have already finished "Ada and Gerty," the last touching scene leaving us all crying but one hard-hearted infant, who, after the first tearful excitement had subsided, owned herself diverted by seeing us all weep!

Can you form some idea of us at Sao Paulo now? If so, let it urge you to pray for us—for the preaching, the teaching, the Bible reading, the homes. May God's kingdom speedily come in Brazil!

MARY P. DASCOMB.

"LEMANA SANTA" IN CHILI.

I MUST tell you about "Lemana Santa," or holy week, which closes the forty days of Lent. On Thursday evening all the Romanists turned out to visit the churches. They are required to visit seven, and as many more as they can, thereby getting more indulgences. They say our Lord rested seven times on His way to Calvary. An English gentleman residing in the city borrowed for the three ladies of our company *maestoes*, a covering thrown over the head, and partly concealing the face. We reached the first church at the same time with a "brotherhood," *i. e.*, two hundred people or more, with a leader carrying a large cross, and on

either side men with large red lanterns. They stood before the large open door chanting, while the people responded in low monotones. We made our way through the surging crowd into the church, which was illuminated with hundreds of large wax candles, and the usual decorations. From this church we went to the oldest cathedral in the city, built many years ago by the Spaniards. It is an immense building, with long galleries in the centre, in which were a score or more priests chanting the litany. The little curtained boxes which we saw here and there we were told were confessionals. At one a poor woman was pouring out the burdens of her heart into the ear of the priest within, who is not supposed to know who is confessing, as the conversation is carried on through a close lattice work. In this cathedral were grand pulpits, built high up against the pillars, and accessible by winding stairs. The churches have no seats, but the women carry a small square of carpet or rug on which to kneel. Many were coming, many going, many kneeling, not yet through with prayers, but as soon as they had finished, up and away to another church. From the cathedral we went to "Santa Domingo," also one of the principal churches. As we entered, our eye fell on a life-size image of the Virgin, with the infant Christ in her arms. She was gorgeously arrayed in cloth of gold, with a crown of diamonds on her head; on her neck a cross and rosary. A young man was holding the cross for the women to kiss, for which he was rewarded by indulgences. We moved on with the crowd until, in the centre of the church, we were stopped by a prostrate figure, representing the body of our Lord as it was taken from the cross. We turned away with a shudder; yet women and children stopped to gaze upon and kiss its feet. Farther up, by the altar, was the "garden of Gethsemane," with shrubs and flowers. As we were getting tired, we visited but one more church. Here were no large images. A male choir was singing in response to a priest, and behind him was a brilliantly-lighted garden. In the "Plaza" all the city bands were playing in a minor key. Very few men participate in these services; they believe in nothing. You can scarcely realize at home how much Chili needs the gospel. In this city of two hundred thousand souls there is but one missionary, and at other stations the call is no less urgent.

MRS. W. H. LESTER.

THE very first effort of the Christian Church after the Reformation to engage in foreign missions was that of the church at Geneva to send the gospel to the inhabitants of Brazil.—*Foreign Missionary.*

MISSIONARY LADIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

REPRESENTING THE W. F. M. S.

Miss Kate McFarren, Bogota, U. S. C.
Mrs. M. E. Caldwell, " " "
Miss Margaret Ramsey, " "
Miss Ella Kuhl, Sao Paulo, Brazil.
Miss M. Dascomb, " "
Mrs. J. Beatty Howell, " "
Mrs. Geo. A. Landes, Botucatu, Brazil.
Mrs. John F. Da Gama, " "
Miss Phœbe R. Thomas, " "
Mrs. J. M. Kyle, Rio Janeiro, "
Mrs. W. H. Lester, Valparaiso, Chili.

REPRESENTING THE W. P. B. M. OF THE NORTHWEST.

Miss Eva Da Gama, Rio Claro, Brazil.
Mrs. J. T. Houston, Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

HAPPINESS IN SERVICE.

DOES not the following, written by one of our faithful missionaries of many years' experience, contain a thought for the workers at home as well as for those who hope to serve the Master in His distant fields? Are we not too apt to mentally qualify the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

"I begin to think that the 'happiness' of the single ladies has been too much dwelt upon. Suppose a young man should write to the Board in such style as this, 'I am anxious to preach the gospel to the heathen; in fact, I feel "Woe is me if I preach not" to the heathen; but my temperament is peculiar, I cannot bear hardness and isolation as some can. Perhaps it is lack of consecration, but I think not; the circumstances of my life have not developed the characteristics to fit me for a life of loneliness. If you have a field where there is congenial society, so that I can be happy, and where the language is not too difficult and the heathen are not too disagreeable and the hardships not beyond my powers of endurance, I am ready to sacrifice home and friends, and go to the heathen.' What answer would he get? Yet some married people talk about the happiness of the single ladies as if that were the principle upon which they should be sent. I think it is not complimentary to them. Our Father takes care of our happiness while we are busy serving Him and doing good without wearying; but when we begin seeking our happiness He ceases caring for it. Every woman going to the foreign field expecting to find her happiness in her Saviour and her work will be happy, and every one looking to any other source will certainly be disappointed, no matter what the surroundings. If we could fully understand this when we set out upon our pilgrimage, what follies and sins it would save us! Oh, with what infinite, loving patience our Father treats us!"

IF I could tell you all, you would see how *God has done all* and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard, that is all; and *I have never refused God anything.—Florence Nightingale.*

CONTENTMENT AND SELF-DENIAL.

WE were greatly impressed by the happiness and invincible courage of the missionaries. Many of them were more than happy; they seemed to have attained a higher mood—that mood which is induced by renunciation of self and devotion to a lofty purpose—that blessedness which Carlyle says we should all aspire to as the supreme felicity, instead of trying to satisfy ourselves with the mere happiness which comes from agreeable surroundings, the society of friends and the gratification of our own personal tastes.

Ever since I can remember I have made an annual contribution to missions, but it has never been at much personal cost. When I saw the work and its needs, and appreciated the sacrifices our missionaries are constantly making, it seemed to me that the only money worthy to be given to such a cause was that which had been sacredly laid aside for that purpose, and laid aside at some cost. It is only by giving at some personal sacrifice that we can hope to have our offerings, like Shakespeare's quality of mercy, "twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes."—*Mrs. Joseph Cook in Life and Light.*

Tidings from our Workers.

THE request for extracts from interesting missionary letters has met with cordial responses. The following extract from a letter from Mrs. Thomas Tracy, Etawah, India, was contributed by Miss Neel, secretary of Redstone Presbyterial Society:

"God has poured out an abundant blessing on the work at Etawah; and as a year ago I begged of you to ask God to open the way for me, I now call upon you to join with me in a song of thanksgiving, and to ask for me that He will guide me in doing the work He has put into my hands.

"It would be too long a story to tell how by degrees the way was opened. One here, another there, and then the numbers increased, till here and there all over the city were little groups of women being taught by Christian women the way of salvation. Now there are between forty and fifty, representing seven localities and fifteen families.

"Besides those taught in zenanas, I have started two schools under heathen teachers, one numbering twenty-five, the other fourteen. I look upon these as merely a temporary matter, till the pupils will be ready to receive a Christian teacher.

"I visit and talk with them, so they hear of Jesus, although not with every lesson, as I might wish.

"Of course I know the mere fact of a woman learning to read does not make her a Christian, the great aim of all our teaching; but this is the first step in the right way, and the first step taken, what may we not hope for? In some cases it seems best that I should also teach boys (they are *not* included in the number I stated).

"In one village I have a large school of boys, and I teach the girls of the families in their houses.

"One boy whom I dearly loved has died, and I have every reason to believe he died a Christian. A girl, too, about twelve years of age, has confessed her love for Jesus, and gives evidence that she is sincere."

A LETTER from Miss Mary Pratt, dated Manor House, Kasanli, February 28, 1883, after giving the cause of her leaving Dehra Doon, reads as follows:

"Miss Bacon felt the need of a change to the home land, and she asked the mission to send me to her place, a girls' school in the mountains. The climate was such as I needed, and the comparatively easy though busy life was also for my good. I am here again for another year, and this is my last day of freedom; to-morrow the children will begin to come in. Last year was one of blessedness; I was alone up here, so far as human sympathy could go, but the dear Lord walked with me. I was never so conscious of His abiding presence; and though I had little time to stop for communion, I could at all times whisper, 'dear Lord,' and I know He heard and helped. After school closed I shut up the house and went to Lahore, to a conference of the ladies of the Punjab. It was very interesting indeed; fifty-two were present, and discussed all sorts of questions relative to woman's work among the heathen. After this was over, our annual meeting came, then a visit or two, and we went to Calcutta to the great decennial conference. It was a rare treat. I came on here only in time to arrange the house, which is now quite finished. Maybe you know that this is my first experience at housekeeping. I quite enjoyed it last year, and you should see my store-room, and the nice things it contains for the children. Let me tell you, however, that it is to be my last year here; I do not think this school a necessity. Our mission has one such already; and though I believe this may be, and has been under Miss Bacon, a source of much good, yet for a few rupees more the same children may be provided for in Woodstock, so it is decided to abolish it at the end of the year if Miss Bacon does not return. Life will then probably be for me in the plains; but I have never sought my work, and it has always been pleasant and just where I needed to be and could work at good advantage. I am not troubled

about the future. If you could have looked in to-day and seen the variety of things that I have been called upon to do since I began this letter you would wonder that it had been written at all. Everything must be kept under lock and key, so I am training one who is to be responsible, and into no other hands must the keys ever go. There are scarcely any white people in the station; the only white face I have seen is that of a neighbor who occasionally comes in. Kindly pray for me during the year that whatever is for the best in the future may be my appointed lot."

Miss Anna Skea, Sac and Fox Mission, Tama City, Iowa.—I have but little to tell you yet in regard to my new work. The Indians are very suspicious of me. The government building is on their land, and was put there without even asking their consent. It is not a reservation; they bought the land and have lawful titles for it. Government ought to have bought a piece of land; as it is, the Indians are not willing to send their children to school, and there is a bitter feeling which it will take a long time to overcome. Most of them are painted and many seem very fierce. They are of a much lower grade than the Dakotas, more like savages; indeed I feel that it would be difficult to find a more benighted people anywhere. It does not seem possible that this is Iowa, but it is too true, and here they have been for thirty years and so little done for them. And how can we help them, as they are so unwilling to be helped? Pray that God will open ways and means of doing them good.

Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, Creek Mission.—Yesterday I finished the translation of Jude and to-morrow hope to begin Revelation. I put much study on the beginning of Revelation yesterday, but did not get farther than "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," and then I was not quite satisfied. Mr. Hodge has given me the first few verses as he translated them, and I do not know but I shall use that, instead of trying to make a different translation.

Miss Agnes Carey, Oroomiah, Persia.—We have a new work on the opposite side of the city this year, and in the fall, began meetings with the women twice a week. They are now in charge of the pastor's wife and daughter, and are well attended. There has been some religious interest in the school, and we hope five of our girls have been converted. A great improvement in the character of our older Christian girls is noticeable. In sewing the girls are classed according to ability, and pass rapidly from knitting to plain sewing, stitching, cutting and making shirts, and last of all button-hole making. Miss Hale has kindly taken charge of the button-hole class. The materials are furnished by Miss Van Duzee,

and the garments when finished can be purchased by the pupils for the price of the materials.

MRS. E. W. ALEXANDER, who last summer left her Illinois home and in October was at home in Persia, writes from Hamadan:

"We have not commenced a separate girls' school, as we have no suitable building constructed yet. We are making arrangements now for workmen and building materials. By autumn we hope to have the building completed and the children started in their studies. We have a day-school now where both little boys and girls attend. The primary pupils will still attend at the boarding-school as day scholars. The work is promising and encouraging among the Armenians in Hamadan. The harvest is rich, but the laborers are few in this new station; yet we trust that the seed sown will bring forth a hundred fold for Christ's kingdom. The woman's weekly prayer-meeting is conducted in our native pastor's house There is a good attendance most of the time, and much interest felt among them With the assistance of one or two of the women, Miss Montgomery conducts the meetings. She intends her work to be among the Armenians, therefore she is studying their language, which is quite difficult. I am devoting my time to the Persian language, which is comparatively easy. My work will be among the Jewish women when persecution ceases and I have mastered the language. My husband is a physician. His medicines arrived a short time since, and a free dispensary was opened. His patients are so numerous he is afraid he will not have enough medicines to last many days. In one forenoon sometimes he sees fifty patients. We hope this one department of our work will turn many souls from the error of their way to seek after the true and shining light which is in Christ Jesus."

THE writer of this letter had her birth on Mount Lebanon. Educated in America's best schools, an artist of unusual delicacy of taste, a face and manner to grace a queen's court, she counts it not loss, but honor, to bestow it all on Syria's women, so that she may win some to her Master.

ABEIH, August 28, 1882.

"TO THE LADIES OF THE STATE STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ALBANY:—Since my mother and sister returned from America I have had more time for direct missionary work and calling among the people. I have been making special efforts for the woman of Abeih. At the beginning of the year I made a list of those who came to the Tuesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and

have carefully marked their attendance each week. They are mostly Protestants, with here and there a Greek (in religion), Greek Catholic or Maronite. The meetings are held in our chapel. There are forty-four names upon the roll; often over twenty are present, but the average attendance is twelve, for most of them have families, and all their own work to do; washing, cooking, bringing all their water from the village fountain, kneading bread and carrying it to the public oven, sewing, and caring for their children, besides raising silk-worms and picking olives at stated seasons of the year. Still there are forty-four who have come more or less under the influence of these meetings, and to all their homes I have free access. Surely, here is work enough for one person, and what a responsibility! I feel that I get nearer to the women at this meeting than at any other time. We commence with singing, and a short prayer by one of the women. Some of the old women make sad work with the tunes, but they are unconscious of it, and seem to enjoy joining in with the rest. Next we repeat verses around, and sometimes talk over the sermon of the previous Sabbath. Then those who know how to read open their Testaments and we read a chapter, verse by verse in turn. This year we have been studying Matthew. After each verse we stop for explanation, question or remark, and talk in a very informal way. Imagine yourself by my side for a few minutes. The women are seated before us on wooden benches, neatly dressed in print or dark-blue cloth, and with long white veils. Some few faces are bright with interest and expectation, others indifferent, some troubled, and a few nodding. Among the first class there are two who are hardly ever absent. They have no young children, and so are more at leisure. Both are church members. One of them is a Bible reader, supported by a lady in Amsterdam. She is a person in middle life, has a thoughtful face, one chastened by trial, for she has lost both husband and eldest son. She was originally a Greek, and very bigoted. To show you this, let me tell you what she once said at a funeral (girls are never allowed to attend, only married women). She was wailing with the other women, when some one called out, 'Mr. Calhoun is coming.' The deceased was a Protestant, and the missionary had come to perform the last sad service. She became very angry at the bare mention of his name, and said to the mourners, 'Come, let's go, the devil is coming!' But gradually the light dawned in her dark mind. She learned to read, and then saw for herself the errors of her church, and forsook them. She is now very zealous for the truth. A few days ago she came to me and said she had been feeling discouraged and troubled by the wickedness she saw all around her, but in her daily reading had found such a

beautiful chapter (the 2d of 2d Tim.) that she had come to share it with me, that we might pray and rejoice together.

"The second woman has a bright, interesting face framed by dark hair, and her dark eyes often fill with tears when we speak of Christ's love for us, and all He suffered, while her whole face flushes with pleasure when a new thought is given her. As, for instance, a few weeks ago we were talking about what it is to be in Christ's kingdom. She said, 'It is to be a Christian,' and was pleased when I further explained that it was accepting Christ as our *King*, and being His *loving, obedient subjects.* At one meeting we were speaking about sin, and a Greek Catholic woman said in an undertone, 'If I only lived alone, I should not sin, but my neighbors and children provoke me so that I get out of temper.' I replied, 'What would you think of a rope that looked all right, but broke as soon as a weight was attached to it? Does not a man *test* a rope before he uses it? You are being tested, and your testing shows you that there is sin in your heart.' This Protestant woman, whose husband is a butcher, said, 'Yes; I remember only the other day that my husband, before hanging up a large piece of meat, tried the rope to see if it would hold.'

"At another meeting the subject of order and neatness was brought up, and I gave them several instances of God's love of the former in nature. Soon after, when calling upon one of the women, she told me she had been surprised and delighted to find that the striped kind of silk-worm all had the same number of stripes. She had counted over a hundred to see! The thought, if for Christ's sake we tried to keep our homes neat and clean, He would be pleased, and accept it as service done for Him, was also quite new to her.

"From these little glimpses you can form something of an idea of the nature of our meetings. At the commencement of the year we started a society for Bible reading at home, a chapter every day. We began the New Testament, and are now in Hebrews. About twenty women and girls joined, and though all have not kept it up, I am sure those who have, including myself, have derived much benefit. In calling upon each other, we often read the chapter together, and it is an easy and pleasant way of introducing religious conversation. One girl, a member of my Sunday-school class, said, 'I have read the Testament through several times, and thought I knew it all, but somehow *this* time everything seems new.'

"During the spring, at the silk-worm season, we formed a woman's benevolent society. It is the custom among the nominal Christians in this land to set aside a small portion of the silk-worm cocoons for their church, an offering of first fruits. We advised

our Protestant women to do the same, and they have given enough to send twenty Bibles to the poor ignorant Nusairiyeh people in northern Syria.

"Your Syrian missionary,
"EMILY G. BIRD."

THE old story with ever a new and intense meaning is what I plead again. Oh, pray for us, pray for me! We are so sadly in need of the Holy Spirit's power in us, with us and through us.—*I. A. Nassau.*

SIDE LIGHTS ON MISSION WORK.

CONTEMPLATED improvements in one Buddhist temple in Kioto, Japan, will cost over $1,250,000. All the Protestants of the United States give but $2,000,000 a year to foreign missions.

NATIVE Presbyterian churches in Egypt have a remarkable record of self-support. Their contributions to all mission purposes in 1881 averaged $18 94 per member—a sum much larger than here.

THE experience of the American Board disproves the statement of a German writer on missions, that marriage and family life for Europeans in India is protracted murder, especially for women. More than one-third of their present staff of laborers there are natives and missionary born.

NORTH BORNEO is a new missionary field. England has secured a foothold there.

WHILE the area of India is a little over one-third that of the United States, the population is over five times as great.

THERE are nine Christian churches in the capital of Madagascar.

A GRADUATE of Harport Female Seminary is preparing an Armenian Concordance.

OF a foreign missionary force of ninety laborers from the New Hebrides, more than one-half are from the island of Aneiteum, which has been converted to Christianity since 1848.

THE old chapel of Louis XIV. in Versailles has been replaced by a new Protestant church. Two hundred years ago the king threatened to sweep Protestantism out of France.

PROTESTANT Christianity is so strong in Kinkiang, China, that the mandarins have opened an opposition hospital and eight free schools in that city.

JAPANESE Christians have formally petitioned to be represented by native scholars of their own selection in the work of translating the Old Testament.

CHIENG MAI, LAOS.

MISS EDNA COLE.

You will be sorry to hear that my dear old cook, Pa Nang, is dead. She had been with Miss Campbell and me from the first, and we both loved her. She was quiet and trusty, and tried to do her work well. She used to like to say she loved us as she did her own daughters. It was not without the pangs of remorse that I looked at her dear, quiet face. Where was the soul? What had the three years in the home of a professed Christian done for her? We had talked about these precious things, and she would always answer, "Yes, I love God; He has been good to me. I was in debt and in slavery, and He redeemed me and brought me to you, where I could pay my debt; yes, I love Him." But when I would say, Pa Nang, if you love Jesus, why will you not confess Him? she had no words ready. So she died, and I do not know whether she had really taken Jesus to be her Lord or not. But I know I often failed to show forth the beauty of our Lord as I ought to have done.

As a preparation for the coming of the dear new missionaries we wanted the house whitewashed and cleaned, new matting put down, and the flowers all in their brightest bloom. Now we have not merely whitewashed: a much grander word is needed to express it; I believe there is none coined yet, but this is the process. With the bark of a tree like slippery elm, make a strong tea; get lime from the mountains and slake it, mix the two and put in some native blue dye. Late Saturday night we finished putting the worship-room in order, and Sabbath morning it looked so clean, and all the people seemed to enjoy it as much as we did.

JOURNAL LETTER.

MISSES WARNER AND WISHARD.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY OUT, January 13, 1883.

We caught our first glimpse of Rahang last Saturday evening. The scenery is very different from that around Bangkok. The city extends along the banks of the river for two or three miles, and is entirely surrounded by mountains. There is no foreign house in Rahang, and I saw but one nice residence, and that was the governor's. This morning we stopped at a place which these people consider sacred. On one side of the river the bank rose about one hundred feet, and looked like a red sandstone cliff. The people claim that Buddha once stood there and that his shadow was left there, and three idols are placed on the bank to commemorate the event. When we were seated beneath a large mango tree opposite Rahang, Sabbath morning, studying our Bible lesson,

several native women came up to us and commenced talking; as we could not converse with them we called Dr. Cheek. One of them told him she had heard Dr. McGilvary preach several years ago, and that he talked of Phra Yeasu and the skies. When they saw us writing and reading they seemed much astonished that girls could read and write. Miss Wishard had a Christmas card, and handed it to one of them; the woman seemed much pleased, and when she returned brought her a large pumalow. Oh, how I do long to have my lips opened and my tongue loosened! I dream about the language, but don't believe I shall get it by dreaming. It does not look half as unintelligible as at first. When I left home I said I would not tell of the mistakes I made in trying to speak Siamese, but last night we made a funny one. When making the bread sponge I wanted some hot water, but could not think of the word for hot, and so I asked Miss Wirt, and she said *haw naw;* but Bo Kao did not seem to understand, so I said *fi* (fire) *naw.* In a few minutes I saw her coming with a bowl of coals. As soon as we caught sight of her we commenced laughing heartily, and she dashed the coals into the water and laughed too. Then Miss Wishard said *haw naw*, and she came with a bowl of cold water. We shook our heads; she threw the water out, then said *naw haw*, and brought the hot water. We enjoyed the joke, and so did Bo Kao.

I am enjoying this trip more every day. We are among the mountains now, which on every hand tower above us from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet. This scenery has a great fascination for me. Perhaps it is because my home has nearly always been on the prairies of Kansas. A few moments ago I heard the report of a gun, and saw a deer trying to make its way across the river. . . .

Monday noon found us crossing the first rapid, a small one, however, causing an exclamation of disappointment at the tameness. We expected to see rapids equal to those of the St. Lawrence. Later in the afternoon we came to a large rapid, where the boats had to be pulled over with ropes, causing sufficient excitement. N. and Miss G. had quite a fright. When they had just passed the rapid their boatmen lost their hold and were forced back over the rapids. Fortunately they kept clear of rocks till one of the men took the rope in his hand and swam ashore, where several had collected to help. Yesterday the same thing happened again, only it was more frightful, for they shot two rapids in a much more dangerous place. But again they were rescued.

Saturday we came suddenly upon rocks and cliffs hundreds of feet in height, and just as suddenly the already high banks resolved themselves into mountains, towering above us to a height of two

thousand feet. This morning our boats were three hours coming over one rapid, during which time Dr. Cheek, Mrs. Hearst, Miss Warren and I took a stroll, following the bed of a brook for some distance into the woods. Sitting down for a rest we heard a rustling not far away; we had seen tiger tracks in the sand, and Dr. C. thought he would investigate. While he was gone we heard a great cracking of twigs among the bamboo. We were quite startled, and I jumped to a large rock to see if it was a tiger, wild cat, deer or monkey. It proved to be only some large monkeys, which immediately scampered off when I called to Dr. C. to come and see them. We passed two beautiful places to-day where the water was trickling down over the rocks which hung like shaggy brows over the river's brink; underneath the maiden's hair and other ferns were clustered, seeming to hang to the rocks by the merest threads of roots. It was a refreshing sight.

I wish you all knew how glad our hearts are every day, and thankful that we have been sent to God's work among a foreign people. We remember your promise to pray for us. You cannot know what a help and comfort it is. Not one of us having put the hand to the plough would turn back from foreign mission work. Everything in our little boat-house moves along pleasantly. We have become quite accustomed to crawling around on our hands and knees and sitting on the floor. It will be a relief, however, to be in a house once more which will not tip every time one steps to the side. This is such a beautiful morning, and we have been seeing the grandest scenery. I wish you could have enjoyed it with us. Yesterday we were nearly all day coming up one rapid, the hardest one of all the thirty-two. Those before us are comparatively small; we expect to be out of them Tuesday, and the following week to be in Chieng Mai. How good it will seem to be there! I want to tell you of the lovely spot we visited this morning. Before reaching it we heard water trickling over rocks, and looking out saw a beautiful stream, in some places only a few inches wide, rushing over great rocks. We thought we would have our water jars filled, so stopped the boats. This gave us time to follow the stream a few yards, which brought us into the most beautiful grotto. The walls of rock we judged to be a hundred feet high, over which the water fell clear as crystal. There were ferns and mosses at the edges of the cascade, which were kept wet by the splashing of the drops. The water fell into a pool formed between the rocks, twice as deep as the height of a man, and so clear the bottom could easily be seen. It was a grand sight; I have never seen anything half so fine in America.

February 6.—This is Miss Wishard's birthday, and she is sitting by my side reading. We have almost reached our new home, and

in a few hours hope to see Miss Cole and Mr. Wilson. We are all delighted at the thought of getting home, although we have had a very pleasant trip, and the time has passed rapidly since we left Bangkok, just eight weeks ago to-morrow. A week ago to-day we passed the last rapid and left the grand mountain scenery. On every hand we look out upon hills, but they are quite distant. The banks on either side are lined with the beautiful feathery bamboo, interspersed with the cottonwood, and bright with large red flowers. It seems so much like spring weather.

Later.—We are here at last in our dear Chieng Mai home, where we arrived February 6, about the time the sun was rising on your side of the world.

INDIA'S NEED OF MEDICAL MISSIONS.

PASSING through the narrow streets of an Indian city, where one's eye must rest in a few minutes on hundreds of human beings, there is scarcely any thought which comes so frequently or with more striking force into the mind as this, of the "need of healing." In a spiritual, moral and physical sense, the people are out of health, nay, worse than that, *sick unto death.*

Possibly those who have seen only the great cities of England think that *there* may be witnessed as much misery as can be imagined; and truly one may see many a sad sight in the course of a slow walk, even in that favored country; but the state of the case in India exceeds all that one has ever considered possible. Cases of sickness so severe and distressing that even in the lowest instances they would in England be given the sacred shelter of home, or the skillful care of the hospital, here startle us by appearing in the public street utterly uncared for; cases of surgical injury of such a nature that one would expect the sufferer to groan under the most gentle and tender handling are here jostled along in the crowd, or exposed to view in the most appalling manner on the miserable bedstead placed across the open drain by the side of the street. In one half hour may be seen forty or fifty cases of eye disease of different kinds, or blindness, while distorted limbs and loathsome skin diseases meet the gaze continually.

And besides, how much is hidden! Hundreds of stricken lives are being wearily dragged out behind the *pundah;* hundreds of suffering ones know full well the meaning of *pain*, but the very idea of *healing* is as a foreign language to them; and probably there are hundreds more who have spent much, perhaps all they had, upon many physicians (*hakims*) who, by their ignorance and wickedness, have but aggravated the mischief and increased the wretchedness of their too-trusting patients.

At times the terribleness of all this comes over the heart with such force, and the utter inadequacy of all previous means to bring relief on more than a very small scale is so overwhelming, that one almost cries out with Martha and Mary, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here!" It is impossible to help thinking how glorious it would be if it could be written some evening, as a part of the day's history of the city, "and He healed them that had need of healing." —*Plea for Zenana Medical Missions.*

IN THE HOMES OF NORTHERN INDIA.

MISS MARGARET M. GIVEN.

We are enjoying zenana work so much, and find it much more encouraging than we expected. We have twelve houses that we visit regularly, and think that we could have many more. We have limited ourselves to this number for the present, as we find that with the schools we cannot well do more while we have only one assistant. Of these houses four are Hindu and eight Mohammedan. Some of these women are very interesting indeed; I wish I had time to describe a visit to each of them to you. One woman, the wife of a native judge, is so eager to learn that we have been obliged to make her two visits a week instead of one, which is our rule. I think I will have to ask you to go there with me now in imagination. Her house is on the outskirts of the city, not very far from here. At the door stands a servant, so we send *salaam* in by him and wait until the *salaam* comes back in return; that means we are to go in. The man accompanies us through a passage to a door over which hangs a thick wadded curtain. He can go no farther than that, but lifts the curtain for us and we find ourselves in another dark room. By another curtained door opposite, we enter a court-yard, where sits on a *charpai* the mistress of the house and one or two of her friends. Look around at the courtyard before going forward; it is very nice indeed for this country, and well swept; there are no pools of dirty water nor bundles of old rags about. It is enclosed by the house walls on all sides, for the principal rooms open upon it. There is a flutter of wings and a cooing sound coming from one side, and you find that there is quite an extensive dove-cote there. On another side is a neat little flower plot. But see, the *bibi* has risen to greet us, so we must go forward and shake hands with her. She seems to like the English hand-shaking very much, though I am sure you will think that nothing could be prettier or more graceful than her own Oriental *salaam.*

The salutations and polite inquiries being over, the *bibi* (that is

what we call her) ushers us into a neat little room at the rear of the courtyard. It is clean and airy; mats and carpets are spread on the floor, and over these a clean white cloth. Arm-chairs are placed in readiness for us, also a small table with writing materials and the books we need. We take our seats, and then lessons begin. This woman's husband speaks very good English, and is anxious that his wife, who is our only pupil in that branch, should learn the language too. She is only on little sentences still, but is learning well. The English lesson being finished, we open Barth's Bible History, and she reads from that in Hindustani. After a little talk about what she has read, it is my turn, so I open my Bible and read to her, and wherever it may be, in the Old Testament or the New, she listens with the most respectful interest. One day I read the 53d of Isaiah and afterwards the 15th of Mark, and she seemed much affected by the story of our Lord's sufferings and death. As the Mohammedans have great respect for the Old Testament, we try very hard to show them how the prophecies in which they believe are fulfilled in the New. After singing a few hymns, refreshments are brought in, tea, little English biscuits and fruit. Having shaken hands again and been salaamed, we take our departure.

Another interesting pupil is a bright Bengali woman who is learning to read in both Hindustani and Punjabi. She learned her letters in Punjabi from us, and is now reading the Gospel of Matthew in that language. In another house we have two pupils, both girls of about sixteen; they are Hindus, bright, pretty and graceful, with musical voices. We heard of another house to-day where the husband is anxious to have his wife learn to read. This is not common I suppose, but he must be an intelligent Hindu, being in charge of the government dispensary. To-day began the fifth week of our new school, which seems to be prospering finely. We are so glad to have one school with a Christian teacher. The pleasant upper room we have hired for it is neatly whitewashed, and has a number of colored Scripture pictures on the walls and clean white matting on the floor; it is a very inviting place. The teacher has good ideas as to management. She was a pupil in the Dehra school, and seems to have profited by her instruction there.

WOMAN IN INDIA.

As soon as the female population of India can be raised from their present degradation; as soon as a better education and a purer religion shall have inspired the women of India with feelings of moral responsibility and self-respect; as soon as they have learned

what Christianity alone can teach—that in the true love of a woman there is something far above the law of caste or the curses of priests—their influence will be the most powerful, on the one side to break through the artificial forms of caste, and on the other, to maintain in India, as elsewhere, the true caste of rank, manners and character. —*Max Muller.*

A HEATHEN WOMAN'S PRAYER.

THE following prayer was sent from Calcutta by an English missionary. The writer of it is one of the few Indian ladies who can read and write—one who has tasted of the bitter sorrow and degradation of Hindoo widowhood from her childhood, and who does not yet know the true Saviour, who can heal her woes:

"O Lord, hear my prayer! No one has turned an eye on the oppression that we poor women suffer, though with weeping and crying and desire we have turned to all sides, hoping that some would save us. No one has lifted up his eyelids to look upon us, or inquire into our case. We have searched above and below, but Thou art the only one who will hear our complaint; Thou knowest our impotence, our degradation, our dishonor.

"O Lord, inquire into our case. For ages dark ignorance has brooded over our minds and spirits; like a cloud of dust it rises and wraps us round, and we are like prisoners in an old and mouldering house, choked and buried in the dust of custom, and we have no strength to go out. Bruised and beaten, we are like the dry husks of the sugar-cane when the sweet juice has been extracted. All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins, and give us power to escape, that we may see something of Thy world. O Father, when shall we be set free from this jail? For what sin have we been born to live in this prison? From Thy throne of judgment justice flows, but it does not reach us; in this our lifelong misery only injustice comes near us. O Thou hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, forgive; but we are too ignorant to know what sin is. Must the punishment of sin fall on those who are too ignorant to know what it is? O great Lord, our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with the very animals; as they are not responsible, we are not. Criminals confined in the jails for life are happier than we, for they know something of Thy world. They were not born in prison, but we have not for one day—no, not even in our dreams—seen Thy world; to us it is nothing but a name; and not having seen the world, we cannot know Thee, its Maker. Those who have seen Thy works may learn to understand Thee, but for us who are shut in, it is not possible to learn to know Thee. We see only the four

walls of the house. Shall we call them the world, or India? We have been born in this jail, we have died here, and are dying.

"O Father of the world, hast Thou not created us? Or has, perchance, some other god made us? Dost Thou care only for men? Hast Thou no thought for us women? Why hast Thou created us male and female? O Almighty, hast Thou not power to make us other than we are, that we too might have some share in the comforts of this life? The cry of the oppressed is heard even in the world. Then canst Thou look upon our victim hosts, and shut Thy doors of justice? O God Almighty and Unapproachable, think upon Thy mercy, which is like a vast sea, and remember us. O Lord, save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot; many of us have killed ourselves, and we are still killing ourselves. O God of mercy, our prayer to Thee is this, that the curse may be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of the men some sympathy, that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing; that, saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joys of life."—*The Missionary Link.*

WEST AFRICA.

In no part of the world has the gospel achieved more signal triumphs than among the barbarous people on the west coast of Africa. When the present century opened, the accursed slave trade, with its untold horrors, held everywhere undisputed sway. Human sacrifices and other cruelties were fearfully prevalent. Revellings and abominable idolatries, with the other works of the flesh described in the fifth chapter of Galatians, were indulged in to a fearful extent, and without the slightest restraint. There was then not one ray of light to relieve the intense darkness that universally prevailed. It is otherwise now. The standard of the cross has been planted all along the western shores, and even far into the interior of that great continent. Sixteen thousand persons belonging to more than a hundred churches have been brought into the marvellous light of the gospel. Independent native churches, as in Sierra Leone, have been firmly established. In Free Town (Sierra Leone) 33,300 Africans worship God every Sabbath in twenty-three stone churches, costing from about 400*l.* to 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* Upwards of twenty different dialects have been reduced to writing, in which the Bible and their religious books have been translated, printed and circulated. And though much, very much, remains to be done, the slave-trade and many other cruel practices have received their death-blow, and the subjugation of the land to Christ is now in a measure an accomplished fact.—*Illustrated Missionary News.*

GLEANINGS FROM RECENT READING.

THE industrial schools at Carlisle, Pa., Hampton, Va., and Forest Grove, Oregon, are movements toward recognizing the value of the individual Indian. At these schools he is taught trades, the worth of labor, and personal responsibility, and thus is prepared to cope with the world and earn his own living. The Indian has always been a kind of artisan, and his hand is skilled by long heredity to steady lines and strokes, more fine than heavy. The trend of his past turns him toward the shop, where the work of the eye and hand is co-ordinated. To the truth of this statement it is only needful to call to mind the silver work of northern and southern Indians, the bows and arrows and other weapons, the wrought-bone implements, the pipes, both historic and prehistoric. Nor should woman's handicraft be forgotten—her weaving, quill embroidery, the articles made of skin, bark and wood, her pottery-making and free-hand ornamentation. Our museums bear ample testimony to the industrial ability of our native races. The Indian, therefore, is not lazy; but he does not labor as we labor; he has not learned the value of persistent work, which begets provision for the future, and his environment in the past has been of such a character as to furnish no suggestion as to the need of such care-taking, but rather the contrary.

The one thing imperatively needed for the Indian is industrial education. Educate him thus, and he becomes a friendly neighbor and co-worker; keep him in ignorance and isolation, and he becomes dangerous to his own future and to those about him.—*A. C. Fletcher in the Century, June*, 1883.

THE system of which Sakya-Muni was the founder is at present a vast mass of metaphysics, ritual and outward forms. But its central idea is very simple. It is as moral in its way as that of Zoroaster. But it is not a moral struggle for right against wrong, in the hope of a triumph of good. It is simple obedience to natural law. It is first discovering and then submitting to the laws of the universe. In this system the nature of things is the supreme power, and this nature of things is on the side of goodness. Every good act is rewarded, every bad one punished, with inevitable certainty. Every time one does right he goes up; whenever he does wrong he goes down.—*James Freeman Clarke in "Ten Great Religions," Part II.*

BUDDHISM, if it did not preside at its very birth and origin, has left an ineffaceable mark upon Indian art. . . .

The universal custom of putting savings by in the form of gold and silver ornaments necessitates the presence of a silversmith in every village. The wife of a peasant whose gross annual income is but two hundred rupees all told, and whose house is furnished

only with a bed and a few cooking pots, wears on her person from fifty to eighty rupees' worth of ornaments, and other classes in proportion. The nostrils are sometimes pierced, and the ears riddled with perforations from top to bottom of the distorted lobes. The ankles are by some castes loaded with heavy, bell-studded fetters, the wearing of which would be considered a grievous punishment by a western belle. The head is laced with chains, studs and plates. The arm is loaded sometimes from wrist to shoulder. Toe rings are common, and occasionally rings on each finger are connected by chains with a large ornament or gold-set mirror on the back of the hand. . . .

Native house furnishing is exceedingly simple, being limited usually to a bed and a stool or two. A part of each marriage outfit in northern India is a charpoy (low bedstead) and a quaint, high-backed low stool, both of turned wood ornamented with lac.

Very little painting on wood is now done; and the lac surface, obtained by pressing what is virtually a stick of colored sealing-wax on the revolving object, is a harder and more solid covering than any paint. The heat developed by friction melts the lac, and further friction with a bit of bamboo polishes a coat of color which resists dust, the great heat of the hot weather and the damp of the rains. But there are many refinements in this most simple art. In Sindh and in the Punjab layer upon layer of colored lac of infinitesimal thinness is laid. Then with a stylus these coats are scratched through in a manner analogous to Italian *sgraffits*. Supposing red to have been laid first, then green, and lastly black, the black is scratched through for green leaves, the green and black for a red flower, and for a white line all are cut through to the white wood.—*J. L. Kipling in Harper's Magazine, June*, 1883.

Of peculiar strength is the Hindoo opposition to the Christian doctrine of salvation by a vicarious sacrifice. In Christian lands the difficulty with most unbelieving theists is to see the necessity of the atonement in order to the remission of sin. They cannot see why God may not reasonably be expected to release men from the penalties of sin upon repentance, by an act of sovereign pardon. Atonement seems to be a superfluity. To the mind of the Hindoo the case seems quite different. The idea of any such sovereign exemption of man from the consequences of his own sins is entirely foreign to his thinking. His objection to the doctrine of the atonement is not that it is not needed, but that it is in the nature of the case impossible. According to the doctrine of *karm*, every man must suffer for himself the fruit of the things done in the body. Herein Hindooism has a great advantage over many forms of western unbelief, in that, so far from ignoring or denying the testimony of conscience as to the inexorable demands of the law of the uni-

verse for the punishment of sin, it rather reaffirms it with the most solemn and tremendous emphasis. . . . With this great law of our moral nature the Christian doctrine of the atonement seems to be in visible conflict; and thus, to the Hindoo commonly, the gospel of a salvation by a vicarious death appears to stand self-condemned at the bar of the universe.—*Samuel H. Kellogg, D.D., in Princeton Review*, March, 1883.

THE TREND OF THE WORLD.

THERE are indications unmistakable that we are nearing some solemn crisis in history. God, if He does not make us confident of "times and seasons which He hath kept in His own power," yet often foreshadows to the wise the secret of the future. Great world-changes do not come on us like sun-bursts or storm-bursts. And thus I am now oppressed with awe as I plainly see the manifest, persistent trend of the world towards some great event or epoch in human affairs, and the acceleration of history to some solemn crisis, and feel the quickening pulse of humanity under the mighty stimulant forces recently thrown into the life of the world. Especially am I impressed as I see this trend and acceleration convergently directed toward a more rapid rise, advancement and utterance of thought and science, and the swifter propagation and unification of sentiment, passion and opinion, the world over; tending to make its mind one medium, susceptible of one universal, simultaneous impulse, and preparing the way for the reign of ideas; and —if the earth moves rightly—for the reign of those ideas which are factors of the coming of the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of the truth and the spirit among men. . . .

While all the gifts of God to the world tend to give facility, rapidity and enlargement to the utterance of the truth or thought, there are others combined with these, tending indefinitely to enlarge the auditory. What means the extension of human liberty in every direction; the advance of democracy, with its blazon of free thought and speech and action marching like a fate to the not distant conquest of the world; the unshackling of the millions; the fall of bastiles the world over; the perishing of the awe and power of spiritual despotism; the assertion of the indefeasible and immortal rights of man and woman; the breaking down of barriers of isolation between nations; the exploration of dark continents; the openness of the whole world? These are tending to make the auditorium wide as the world.

Simultaneous with this comes a universal demand for educational agencies and institutions throughout the world, from Pagan and Mohammedan as well as Christian nations; a cry for light and the

power of seeing, and that for woman as well as man. All these demands tend to add to the power of truth, by making the audience more competent to comprehend, apply and obey it, and to add to the numbers of those who elaborate and spread it.—*Rev. T. M. Post, D.D.*

BEHOLD THY KING COMETH UNTO THEE.

"THE gospel of the kingdom," I am told in Matthew, "shall be preached unto all nations, and then shall the end come." I never read the words without remembering a spectacle I, in common with thousands, saw, and which none that saw it can ever forget. It was when her majesty the queen visited the metropolis in 1842. Scarcely had the twilight darkened into night when from every hill surrounding that most magnificent of cities there seemed to rise simultaneously a crest of fire. Each mountaineer lifted up in his hand a torch, and from Berwick to Fife, and Fife to Sterling, the great frith was at once illuminated. It was a witness, it was a token to the land that its sovereign was near. Thus, when the gospel beacons from California to Japan are fully lit, it will be a witness, a token to the earth that the end is approaching. Our part, meanwhile, is surely to go forward and light up from land to land the signals of this greater and blessed advent.—*Dr. George Gilfillan.*

A MISSIONARY, lately returned from a work of many years in Madagascar, speaks of the new Christian queen's simple-hearted belief in God as the hearer and answerer of prayer. Her days are often full of urgent duties, but there is one thing no business ever causes her to forego—it is her hour or half-hour each morning for quiet reading of the Bible and prayer. This is so valued by her that she puts it *first.* The difficulty with the French settlers—which is now come to a crisis—has been a long-standing trouble to the Malagasy queen, inasmuch as she has dreaded becoming involved in a conflict with the French government. "But," she said to the missionary, "God knows all the need of my country. I will *tell Him* about it; and if I ask His help He will be sure to guide me and aid me in my trouble."—*Selected.*

"As the grave grows nearer," said Bishop Whipple, "my theology is growing strangely simple; and it begins and ends with Christ as the only refuge for the lost."

For the Young People.

MANY DAYS AFTER.—II.

LOIS went into it with a heavy heart. It did not seem that her prayer had been answered. But she was a brave little soul; she did not give up hope and prayer, and she did what she could for the Ladies' Aid. That Ladies' Aid developed an unexpected spirit of activity. Its members went to work with a will, and in a few months raised an amount of money that surprised the rest of the congregation. The pastor seized the spark of kindling enthusiasm and fanned it into a flame by beginning vigorously to levy contributions and by setting others at the same task. Hearts warmed with the work, and carefully-guarded purses opened as if by magic. At the end of a year the church was astonished to find itself clear of debt. Had that nightmare vanished? Could it be? Aye, verily. In its place was a certain new delight in the church and its worship, a new activity, a stirring of love for the Master.

Strange to say, no one felt impoverished by the paying off of that long-standing debt. It really seemed a little remarkable that it had not been paid sooner. They might have the new cushions now, and so they did—*comfortable* cushions—and then they painted the church and put it in good condition generally. They did not stop there; they repaired the parsonage, repaired it in a generous spirit, out and out. There were no breaches now in the walls of this little Jerusalem; they were goodly walls and strong.

In the days of old, the Sunday-school had been opposed to missions, even home missions. Now some one proposed that something might be done for the latter cause. With a happy heart, Lois mailed a letter to the secretary of the Woman's Committee. The Shirley Sunday-school had agreed to assume two scholarships in a mission school. Lois began to wonder if, some time soon, they might not have a band for foreign work. When she spoke to her father, he did not shake his head. He would consult the superintendent of the Sunday-school. The superintendent heartily approved. This time Mr. Gordon requested the young ladies to

come together on Tuesday evening. Lois and Jennie talked the matter up among the girls; they made the parlor very bright that night, and they were very hopeful. Mr. Gordon promised to come in and explain the object, "to give a feeling of stability to the affair," as Jennie put it. In due time one young lady made her appearance, another came, and then a third. There were no more. Lois was so disappointed she could hardly speak, but Jennie's spirits did not flag, and Mr. Gordon gave his explanation.

He advised them not to organize then, but to meet again on Thursday and try to have a larger attendance. Lois almost despaired this time; she had waited so long, and her hope seemed doomed to be thwarted. But lo! on Thursday evening there was a round dozen, and the band was a reality. That night it was only organized. Then the great thing was to make the first meeting a success. Lois and Jennie laid their heads together over the arrangements. They carefully prepared a set of questions and answers, according to Mrs. Posey's plan, to be distributed among the members, and given off-hand at the meeting, as if on the spur of the moment. Fourteen assembled on the appointed day, which, fortunately, was a bright sunny one, and they opened the exercises with a hymn of praise. A timid young lady, who had been prepared beforehand, read some appropriate selections from the Bible, and Lois led in a glad, earnest prayer, after which Jennie read a brief paper on Japan. The "promiscuous" questions, interspersed with music, were a great success, and set everybody at ease. Then came the business part of the meeting. Mrs. Brown had sent good wishes and a contribution. Several plans were discussed for raising money. The girls said they wanted to make the society a generous one. It was unanimously agreed that fairs and festivals should be discarded and the funds obtained by honest work. The closing exercises followed, and the members went away with cheerful faces and some new ideas. The band was a blessed reality.

It went on to fresh blessedness. Its members thought they received more than they gave. They certainly did receive much information, broader views of life and labor, and new love for souls and for Christ; but then we cannot estimate the good their prayers and their consecrated gifts may be accomplishing across the seas.

"Do you remember, Jennie," said Lois, one evening as they sat chatting over some work they were doing for the Cause, "how disappointed I was three years ago, when we tried to start an auxiliary and failed so completely? It looked then as though we need never attempt anything for missions again. But do you know, I've been thinking we really commenced the work then. At least the Ladies' Aid came of it, and then the debt was paid and the improvements made, and then followed home missions and our band. It's

very nice and comfortable to have our own Jerusalem in good condition while we help our heathen brethren outside the walls. And Mrs. Brown," she added, giving a satisfied pat to the crewel work she was doing for that lady, "is our kindest friend."

"You haven't become a convert to the theory that it is right and desirable to have every possible comfort for ourselves before trying to aid anybody else?"

"No indeed. But don't you see? I think it was that first effort at outside benevolence that started the whole train of blessings. I'm sorry I fretted over the delay. I suppose it was *His* way, and that is always best."

"I think, Lois," said their mother softly, "you might take home the dear old promise, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'" BESSIE.

"THE THISTLES AGAIN."

BUT the heathen are not all converted yet, and the money must be raised in some way. Nehemiah's plan of building cannot be improved upon, "every one over against his house." "The thistles" grow over behind the house on a great farm; they seem to realize that they have a mission, and have never borne more beautifully than since they began to grow for Foreign Missions. The first year they brought $16 40 toward the translation of a Sabbath-school book for Syria, and $6 40 for an industrial school in Brooklyn. The second year twenty-four individuals bought $31 56 worth; the third year forty-five persons paid $33 42, a portion of which went to Miss Loring's project, the "Mt. Lebanon Home," most of the remainder to the support of Miss Cora Bartlett, missionary to Persia; for this latter object we are praying that the sun and the wind will favor the growth of the thistles during this summer of 1883. They are pretty with winter grasses; a bride advertised them in an attractive way, by arranging them in a polished horn and suspending them from the chandelier; it brought dozens of orders. Another lady arranged them on a tambourine; one wore them on a shade hat; for corsage bouquets they are exquisite with their creamy, silky softness. One of the lovely features of this thistle work is that it has inspired other young people to search for ways and means of making missionary money, "every one over against her own house."

Not every one has been supplied with thistles. All who desire them for ornament or to help on the work can obtain boxes of them neatly and safely arranged, five in a box, ten cents apiece—fifty cents a box, including postage—by addressing Miss Maggie Cowell, Cambridgeboro', Crawford Co., Pa.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

BRAZIL.

BRAZIL became independent of Portuguese authority in 1822. In 1840 Dom Pedro II. was crowned emperor. In 1853 the slave traffic was abolished. The law of 1871 making the children of slaves free has diminished the number of slaves to about 750,000.

The population of Brazil has increased from about 4,500,000 at the time her independence was declared to 11,500,000 to-day. Nearly 1,000,000 of these are Indians.

The area of Brazil, 3,609,160 square miles, is nearly equal to that of the United States including Alaska. The coast line is about 4000 miles. The Amazon with its tributaries affords 30,000 miles of navigation. The soil is fertile. While cotton and sugar are extensively produced, "coffee is king." It is estimated that the coffee exports are nearly equal to one-half the annual consumption of the world. An article on Coffee Culture in Brazil may be found in *Scribner's Magazine*, December, 1879. *Woman's Work for Woman*, September, 1882, contains an article on the manners and customs of the people. For a novel mode of fishing in the valley of the Amazon, see *The Foreign Missionary*, August, 1881. Information as to the progress of the empire may be found in Charles Waring's article on "Brazil and her Railways," *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1883, republished in *The Eclectic*, May, 1883.

Chief among our mission stations are those at Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Sao Paulo, Rio Claro and Botucatu. The churches number 1110 members, whose contributions the past year amount to $4698.

Among the schools are the Training School for Young Men at San Paulo, the Boarding-school for Girls in the same city, conducted by Miss Kuhl and Miss Dascomb, and the Poor and Orphan Boarding-school at Rio Claro.

Miss Kuhl has organized at Sao Paulo a Children's Missionary Society, conducted like children's bands in this country. The same subjects are studied each month; the children earn money for their offerings by sewing and various other methods; the money collected is used for the purchase of Bibles and Testaments to send to distant stations.

A request for a missionary to come and preach was once received from a place in the province of Alagoas, where 250 persons were in the habit of meeting regularly to study the Bible by themselves.

Illustrations of the search for truth are given by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain in *The Foreign Missionary*, August, 1882. In *Children's Work*, August, 1882, a missionary tells us how to pray for Brazil.

REV. A. B. ROBINSON.

LIKE THE MASTER.

A HINDOO was thoroughly converted to Christianity. *He* "rejoiced in tribulations also." He suffered the degradation from his caste, the revilings and beating of relatives, and brought to the missionary who had preached Jesus unto him all his earthly possessions, saying, "Oh, that my heart were like my Master's—as full of pity for sinners! Oh, that my hands were as consecrated to holy avocations as His! Oh, that my life might reflect Him, and my love for dying ones be like His, even deathless!"

Oh, for a heart like the Master's!—
  Pitiful, tender, true;
Reaching out after the sinful
  As His was wont to do.

Oh, for a hand like the Master's!
  Full of a help divine;
Willing to polish the jewels
  Fair, in His crown to shine.

Oh, for an ear like the Master's!
  Listening oft to grief;
Then, with a patient kindness,
  Bringing it sweet relief.

Oh, for a life like the Master's!
  Scattering light and cheer,
Blessing the little children,
  Drying the mourner's tear.

Oh, for feet like the Master's!
  Pressing right on in the way.
Put my feet in Thy footsteps,
  Master; lead me, I pray.

Oh, for a love like the Master's!
  Large as this sinful world.
Soon would the shout be, "His banner
  Over all lands is unfurled!"

FARGO, D. T. L. L. N.

THE St. James Church, Denver, Colorado, took an excursion to the mountains. A grand thunder-storm drove the party to the cars. While waiting for the engine to take them back to the city, acting upon the principle, "in season and out of season," the Branch Corresponding Secretary stood upon a seat and delivered a missionary address, sent the young ladies through the cars to take names, and organized with nineteen members. They entered upon their work with zeal and real love for the cause, and in a few weeks held a public meeting, conducting the exercises themselves.

GOD is in that word *ought*, therefore it outweighs all but God.—*Joseph Cook.*

At Home.

AN ALLEGORY.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING THE CHURCH WITH ITS TWO GREAT MISSION BOARDS COMPARED TO A FATHER WITH HIS TWO SONS.

In a beautiful western land, a land rich in all the resources of wealth and greatness and power, dwelt a father with his two sons. His possessions were extended far and wide. His dependencies included every nation under heaven. With careful thought and earnest prayer he planned and toiled, and prospered in all his vast concerns. The care of his dependencies was shared by his two well-beloved sons. The elder, staid, strong and faithful, gave his care, thought and labor to the thousands in his fatherland. The younger, with an inspiration born of deepest sacrificing love, full of energy and faith and hope, gave himself to seek and save the untold millions in his father's far-away and hitherto neglected realms. Years of blessed toil went by. The feast of the Bread of Life, within the fatherland, was spread from shore to shore, and lightning's flash and iron horse bore news and tracts and Bibles for the need of every soul. But there came a day when on the vision of the younger son, from his far field, there flashed a scene of want and woe and misery before unknown, unthought. A bitter cry went up. "The women; oh, the women of these lands; theirs is the greatest need, and there is no provision for them." The cry was answered, and a heaven-born thought came forth. In the fairest spot in all the fatherland a tree was set, a tiny twig at first. And in the sight of God and man the younger brother said, "I dedicate this tree which I have set, and all its fruit, unto this sacred cause, this cause for which no other aid is given—the work for heathen women and their children, in their heathen homes." The father gave his blessing and this firm command, "This tree shall grow here as my son has planned. Let no one touch its flowers or fruit. Let them be sacred always to the cause for which they grow." God blessed that tree; its roots took hold deep in the willing soil; the dew, the rain, the sunshine and the tempest played their part, and over all the smile of God gave to its life a power before unknown. Its branches spread their joyful arms abroad, and every twig and branchlet bore its meed of fruit. Joy, peace, salvation, came to many a darkened soul. The world looked on, approved and smiled. The tree stands in its glory. Suppose there comes a day when, as the younger brother goes to gather in its fruit, he finds another there, his brother, filling his basket from the precious store. "My needs are great," the

trespasser explains, "my portion of the work has grown, new needs arise. I will but just divide this fruit with you." "But you have trees," the owner answers; "here they stand, a score or more, and here is soil to set another if you wish. My work has grown. The needs I cannot tell. There is no other tree could meet the needs for which this one is set apart." "Yes, I have trees," the other says, "but not like this; a blessing rests on this, and I would share it with you." "Brother, the whole fruit of this tree is dedicated to a sacred cause—the cause of the heathen mother. It is not mine, it is not yours, but hers. Hear now her cry that comes to us, a cry of woe and want and deep distress; smothered it is in prison cells, but even yet it reaches us. The fruit is hers. Some day a heathen mother will die in darkness and despair without the bread of life. Would you or I be he who took the untasted portion from her lips, to press it upon one who often tasted and rejected it?"

BLOOMINGTON, ILL. MRS. DR. MARSH.

CURRENT LITERATURE AND MISSIONS.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BRAZIL. Rev. John Boyle. *Southern Presbyterian Review*, January, 1883.

THE EDUCATION OF THE INDIAN. Charles F. Thwing. *Education*, March, 1883.

MEXICO TO-DAY: A COUNTRY WITH A GREAT FUTURE. Thomas Unett Brocklehurst. *The Quarterly Review*, April, 1883.

DR. DRESSER ON JAPANESE ART. *The Edinburgh Review*, April, 1883.

THE FLOW AND EBB IN JAPAN. Rev. Henry Loomis. *Bible Society Record*, April 19, 1883.

THE NOBLE RED MAN IN BRAZIL. Frank D. Y. Carpenter. *The Manhattan*, May, 1883.

BRAZIL AND HER RAILWAYS. Charles Waring. From Fortnightly Review. *Eclectic*, May, 1883.

NATIVE COUNCILS IN FIJI. Hon. Sir Arthur H. Gordon. *Contemporary Review*, May, 1883.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY IN INDIA. Sir Julian Goldsmid. *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1883.

FRANCE AND CHINA. D. C. Boulger. *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1883.

SIAMESE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. E. A. Sturge, M.D. *The Foreign Missionary*, May, 1883.

GUATEMALA. Rev. John C. Hill. *The Foreign Missionary*, May, 1883.

GIVING AND MISSIONS. Dr. E. P. Goodwin. *Gospel in All Lands*, May 10, 1883.

INDIAN ART IN METAL AND WOOD. J. L. Kipling, Curator of the Central Museum, Lahore, and Director of the Mayo School of Art. *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1883.

FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK. A Sketch of the Foundation, Prosperity and Ruin of the Franciscan Missions in California, II. H. H. *The Century*, June, 1883.

INDIAN EDUCATION AND SELF-SUPPORT. A. C. Fletcher in "Open Letters." *The Century*, June, 1883.

REV. A. B. ROBINSON.

PERRYSBURG, OHIO.

"UNTO THE LORD AND NOT UNTO MEN."

WHERE are we looking when we bring our poor gifts to the cause of Christian missions? The silver and the gold are the Lord's. Are we giving it to Him, or to one of His servants who has come between us and our Master? For Christ's sake, or to be seen of men?

It is related of that eminent servant of Christ, Andrew Fuller, that when he went to his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his old acquaintances said:

"Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds to this object, seeing it's *you.*"

"No," said Mr. Fuller, handing the money back; "you must give to Christ's cause for His sake, not for mine."

The man was startled and stood for a moment not quite knowing what to do. Then on reflection and taking another note from his pocket-book he added it to the first, saying:

"Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds; I give it to the Lord Jesus Christ."

W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER-MEETING.

SOUTH AMERICA.—*Text:* "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

A WORD FOR THE ANNUAL REPORT.

IT is hoped that before this each of our auxiliaries and bands has received one of our annual reports. They have been provided at a great expense, and though addressed to the secretaries, are also intended for the use of the other officers and members of the societies. Please don't put them aside, thinking that because they are reports they must be dry statistics. A careful reading will show that they contain a valuable fund of information; indeed we have heard of some auxiliaries that have used them through the entire year as books of reference upon the topic for the month. Let the report keep a prominent place in the literature of your society until each member shall be so well informed in the work that has already been accomplished that she will be filled with new zeal to possess the land which remaineth.

For "Monthly Letters for Auxiliaries," please address *Monthly Letters*, 23 *Centre Street*, *New York*, NOT 1334 *Chestnut Street*.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Baltimore Pres., Aberdeen, Md.
Lehigh Pres., Washington St. Ch., Reading, Pa.
New Castle Pres., Pocomoke City, Md.
St. Clairsville Pres., Scio, O.

BANDS.

Carbondale, Pa., Heart and Hands for Jesus.
Concord, Ohio, Cheerful Workers (S. S.).
Jeffersonville, Pa., The Faithful Workers.
Parkersburg, W. Va., Palm Bearers, 1st Ch.
Roselle, N. J., Miss'y Assoc. of Pres. S. S.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Gilruth, Mrs. Mary
Gittings, Mrs. James C.
Howe, Mrs. George
Johnson, Miss Mary M.
Lacey, Mrs.
Newell, Mrs. Eleanor E.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from June 1, 1883.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

CHESTER.—Downingtown S. S., sch'p Dehra, 22 20

CLARION.—Beechwoods Aux., 35; Brookville, Happy Children, 40; Greenville Aux., 28; Leatherwood Aux., 11 80; Licking Aux., L. M., 29; Oak Grove, 10 80; Scotch Hill, 50, Miss'y San Francisco. 204 60

GENESEE.—Attica, Mrs. J. H. Loomis, sch'p Futtehgurh, 30 00

HUNTINGDON. — Hollidaysburg, Whatsoever Bd., sch'p, 40 00

KITTANNING.—Ebenezer Aux., Miss'y Lodiana, 36 31; Marion Aux., Panalla repairs, 11. 47 31

LEHIGH. — Allentown Aux., 15; Easton, 1st, Aux., Bogota, 25; Hazleton Aux., sch'p Bangkok, 22 80; Mauch Chunk Aux., Panalla bld'g, 51, Little Workers, sch'p Allahabad, 22; Pottsville, 2d, Aux., 13 80; Reading, 1st, Aux., sch. Syria, 30. 179 60

MAHONING.—Petersburg Aux., boys' sch. Lodiana, 7 00

MORRIS AND ORANGE. — Boonton, Busy Bees, sch'p Benita and work Talaguga, 30; Orange, Central Ch., Louise Bd., Benita, 10 88; Orange, 2d, Heart and Hand Bd., sch'p Sidon, 12 50. 53 38

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Trenton, 1st, Aux. (of which 25 from Mrs. C. S. Green for L. M.), Miss'y Japan, 225 00

NEW CASTLE.—Wilmington, Hanover St. Ch., Busy Gleaners, sch'p Wewoka, 50 00

OCCIDENTAL BOARD.—Alameda Aux., chapel at Dizzallakka, Persia, 100 00

PHILADELPHIA. — Walnut St. Ch. Aux., 12, Ellen Jackson Bd., 40, Beirut repairs. 52 00

PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL.—Arch St. Ch., Y. L. B., Dehra repairs, 10; North Ch. Aux., bld'g funds, 35; North Broad St. Aux., Miss'y Persia, 150, Medical fund, 100. 295 00

PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY COM.—Allegheny, 1st, Aux., Miss'y Kolapoor, 44 87, Earnest Workers, sch'p Sidon, 50; Allegheny, North Aux., Miss'y Dehra, 45 50; Bellevue Aux., sch'p

Oroomiah, 30; Pittsburgh, East Liberty, Buds of Promise, Miss'y Kolapoor, 106 42; Lawrenceville, Friends of Missions, 45. 321 79

SHENANGO.—Westfield Aux., Miss'y Siam, 48 45

STEUBENVILLE.—Richmond, Mariam Bd., Panalla repairs, 21 00

SYRACUSE.—Oswego, 1st, Aux., sch'p Sidon, 25 00

WASHINGTON CITY.—Falls Aux., Miss'y India, 7, Bd., work Petchaburi, 5; Washington, Metropolitan Aux., Miss'y India, 15, Mateer Bd., sch'p Tungchow, 10; North Ch., Miss'y India, 7 50; Western Ch., same, 15 80; West St. Ch., same, 15. 75 30

WESTMINSTER.—Slateville Aux., work under Mrs. Alexander, Allahabad, 50 00

MISCELLANEOUS.—Astoria, Ore., contents of a little girl's mite box, 4 10; Doylestown, O., a friend, 10; Philadelphia, O. L. G., bld'g funds, 3; Orange, N. J., Miss'y box at Orphan Home, for Benita, 4 87; Syracuse, N. Y., balance from Annual Assembly Fund, 35 61; Wooster, O., Mrs. F. S. Speer, Med. Fund, 100; "A. F. S.," 18 50; "C. B. A., N. C.," 48 90; Sale of Historical Sketches, 41 03; Sale of leaflets, 37 73. 303 74

Total for June, 1883, $2151 37

The following Socicties and Bands have sent clothing to the Teheran School, Persia: Belvidere, N. J., Willing Workers, 105 pieces, value 50; Germantown, Pa., Wakefield Ch., 84 pieces, value 25; Mauch Chunk, Pa., Y. L. B., 3 pieces; Philadelphia, Pa., 1st Ch., Memorial Bd., 31 pieces; Olivet Ch. and Graham Bd., 18 pieces; 10th Ch., Christmas cards; Pittsburgh, Pa., Y. L. B., 37 pieces; Oxford, N. J., 1st Ch. Aux. and Bd., 70 pieces, value 43.

For Miss Dickson's work Montana, from Phila. Central Pres., Bethesda Ch., 1 clock, 4 window shades, 1 piece muslin, 2 pieces print; Memorial Ch., Lilies of the Field, 1 clock; Olivet Ch., material, value 15; Arch St. Ch., Y. L. B., material, value 10; Temple Ch., 1 piece muslin.

The Mary Seelye Bd., 2d Ch. Cleveland, O., has sent a Christmas box to the school at Yokohama, Japan.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

July 2, 1883.

W. F. B. M. of the Northwest.

ROOM 48, MCCORMICK BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

TO BE READ AT THE MONTHLY MEETINGS IN AUGUST.

Hebrews ii. *Golden Text for the Month.*—Matt. x. 24. "The disciple is not above his master."

NEW AUXILIARY.

Mitchell, Dakota.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Jessie Buncher, Detroit, Mich.
Miss Emeline Hosie, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Emma K. Little, Granville, O.
Miss Lissette Maier, Detroit, Mich.
Miss Alice Morris, Detroit, Mich.
Miss Carrie Prentiss, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Almon U. Tresher, Granville, O.
Miss Ada Rachel Tomlinson, Lapeer, Mich.
Miss Lulu Webster, Detroit, Mich.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, to June 20, 1883.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ALTON.—Alton, 14 15; Carlinville, Y. L., sch'p, 24 50; Collinsville, 9 50; Pleasant Ridge, 4 85; Trenton (see Mem. Fund); Waveland, 8. 61 00

BELLEFONTAINE.—Bellefontaine, 20; Galion, 4; Kenton, 15; Marseilles, 15; Nevada, 2, all sal. Miss Hartwell; Galion, Oroomiah College, 1; Buck Creek, 3; Kenton, 5; Nevada, 2; Urbana, 10, last four for work in Bangkok; Bellefontaine, 10; Marseilles, 10; Nevada, 2, last three H. M. 99 00

BLOOMINGTON.—Minonk, S. S., Mt. sch. Persia, 20 00

CEDAR RAPIDS.—Cedar Rapids, 1st, sal. Miss Pratt, 40 00

CHICAGO.—Arlington Heights, 8 63; Chicago, Anon., 5; 1st, 17; Sp., Bangkok, 7 50; 2d, Tabriz sch., 33 55; H. M., 1; 4th, sal. Miss Anderson, 26 75; Mothers' Mite Soc., 5 47; Y. L., 13 50; Member of Reunion Ch., 5; Evanston, 66; Hyde Park, Anon., 25; Lake Forest, 129; Y. P, 15. 358 40

DAYTON.—Teachers and pupils of W. F. Sem., Oxford, O., 103; Laos Memorial, 30. 133 00

DETROIT.—Pres. Soc., trav. expenses, 143 70; Detroit, Fort St Ch., Mrs. S. G. Caskey, hospital bed, Oroomiah, 25. 168 70

DENVER.—Denver, Mason and Gray Wells, Persian sch., 2 65

DUBUQUE.—Dubuque, 2d, Armor Bearers, Dehra sch'p, 30; Pine Creek Ch., 3 90. 33 90

FREEPORT.—Galena, Y. L., Laos, 10; Presbyterian girls of Rockford Sem., Oroomiah hospital, 6 20. 16 20

IOWA CITY.—Montezuma, Mrs. L. V. Wilson, 1; Summit, Mrs. N. Williams, 9 60, both for Sac and Fox Mission. 10 60

LAKE SUPERIOR.—Ishpeming, 15 83; Marquette, 2 sch'ps Laos, 50; S. S. Band, 25; Osaka bld'g, 10. 100 83

LANSING.—North Lansing, Franklin St. Ch., Coral Bd., Gaboon sch'p, 10 00

MAUMEE.—Toledo, 1st, Livingstone Band, 47 36; Junior Band, 14, both sal. Miss Fetter and Bangkok sch'p. 61 36

MILWAUKEE.—Milwaukee, Calvary Ch., 37 50

MONROE.—Hudson, Miss C., 5 00

MUNCIE.—Muncie, 15; Peru, 7 34; Portland, Brazil sch'p, 7 50. 29 84

OREGON.—Eugene City, 11 60

OTTAWA.—Polo, 30; Rochelle, Oroomiah Hospital, 25. 55 00

ROCK RIVER.—Fulton, 10; Geneseo, Armor Bearers, 3 50. 13 50

ST. PAUL.—Duluth, 5 40; Faithful Workers, sch'p Africa, 25; Hastings, Sowers of Good Seed, Oroomiah Hospital, 25; Minneapolis, Andrew Ch., San Francisco sch'p, 12; S. S., tea. in India, 67 51; 1st, Mrs. Holt's sch., 20 20; St. Paul, House of Hope Ch., 46 15. 201 26

SCHUYLER.—Monmouth, 16 00

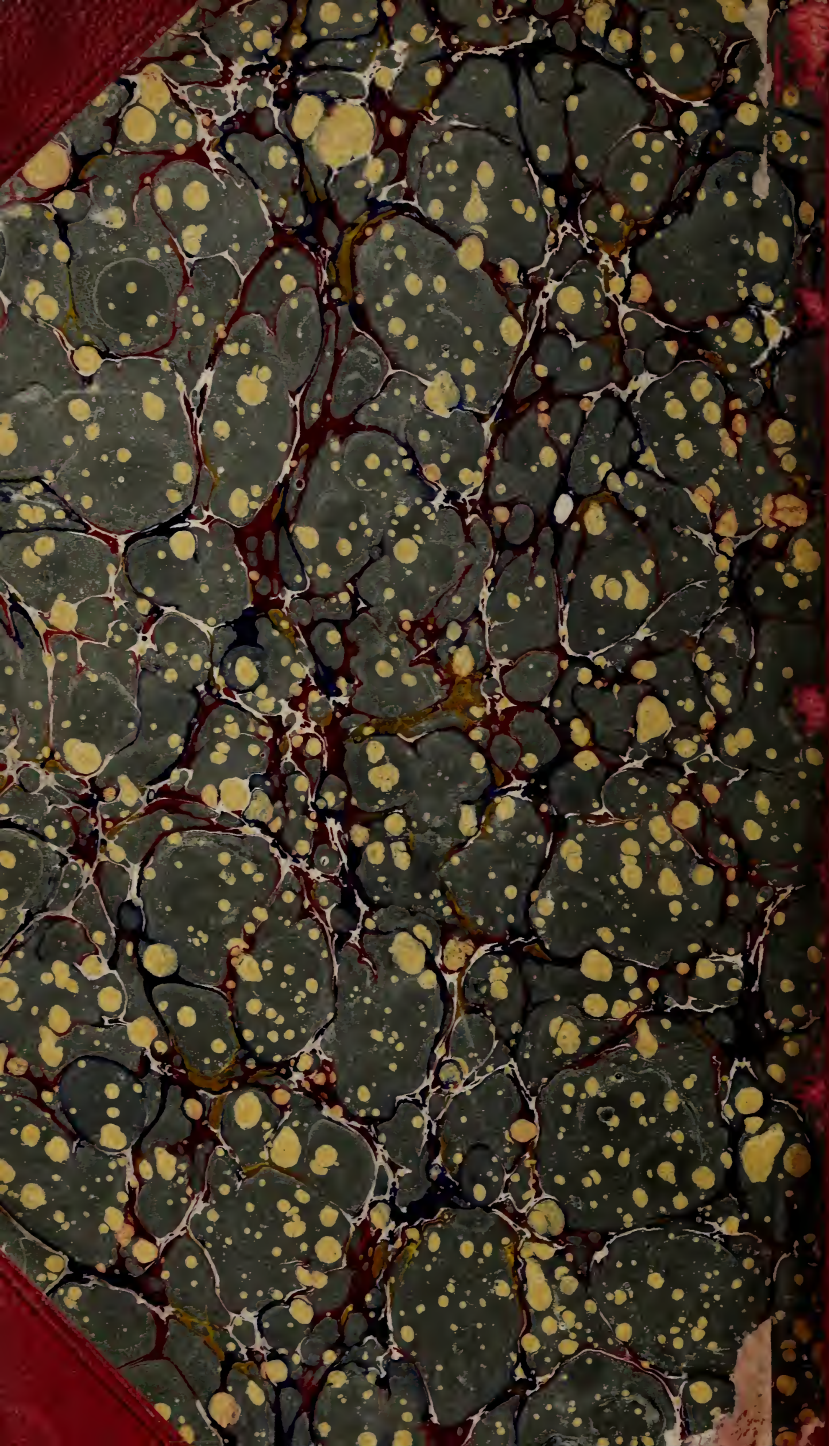
SOUTHERN DAKOTA.—Scotland, 5 00

SPRINGFIELD.—Chatham, 5; Jacksonville, 1st, Gwalior sch., 70; Band, Shanghai sch'p, 40, Rio Claro sch'p, 15; Central Ch., 85; Lincoln, Band, Africa sch'p, 7 47; Mason City, sal. Mrs. Corbett, 51 95; Band, 4 35; N. Sangamon, praise meeting, 80; Pisgah, praise off., 10, Laos, 10; Petersburg, 14 45; Band, 1 58; Springfield, 2d, Syrian sch. (see Mem. Fund), Y. L., Osaka bld'g, 75, Dehra sch'p, 30; 3d, Children of the King, Laos boys' sch., 8 12; Virginia, praise off., 8 11. 516 03

MEMORIAL FUND.—Springfield, Ill., 2d, in memory of Mrs. Dr. Johnson, 62; Trenton, Ill., Band, in memory of Jem and Lutie Maxie, 15 80. 77 80

MISCELLANEOUS. — Northboro', Ia., Mrs. J. H. Porter, 2; Weston, Mass., Mrs. H. L. Boardman, 2; York, Neb., bal. from sub., 40 cts.; By sale of leaflets, 4 12; Historical Sketches, 80 cts.; Societies—Bloomington, 2d, Ill., 1, Jerseyville, Ill., 1, Onarga, Ill., 1, Springfield, Ill., 2d, Y. L., 1, Tamaroa, Ill., 1, Romney, Ind., 60 cts., Cedar Rapids, Ia., 1st, 1, Libertyville, Ia., 1, Ypsilanti, Mich., 1 30, Lima, O., 1, Urbana, O., 1, Miscellaneous, 35, W. R., 80. 100 57

Total for month,	$2184 74
Previously acknowledged,	2532 27
From April 20 to June 20,	$4717 01

MRS. HENRY M. HUMPHREY, *Treasurer*,
Room 48, McCormick Block.

CHICAGO, ILL., *June* 20, 1883.